

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1855.

NUMBER 6.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BRICKWATER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS.

The REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 2.00. If not paid within six months 50 cts. additional.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid. V. B. Palmer is agent for this paper in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
Done in modern style and at short notice.

Poetry.

The Springfield Ballad.

In the "History of Western Massachusetts" we find the following account of a well-known ballad:

On the 7th of August, 1761, occurred an event which has been celebrated in song. It is doubtful whether any piece of American doggerel has been so fortunate in the term of its perpetuation. It relates to the death of Timothy Merrick, from the bite of a rattlesnake, and has been added to, and modified until the versions of it are numberless. The verses are said to have been written by a young woman to whom the unfortunate man was engaged to be married. A grave-stone still marks the place where he sleeps, but the ballad, of which the following is an authentic copy, preserved in the family, bids fair to outlast the marble:

"On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A likely youth was known full well
Lieutenant Merrick only son
A likely youth near twenty-one.

"One Friday morning he did go
To the meadow and did mow
A round or two then he did feel
A pisen serpent at his heel.

"When he received his deadly wound
He dropt his sythe upon the ground
And strait for home wase his intent
Calling aloud still as he went.

"The all around his boys was heret
But none of his friends to him apierd
They thought it wase some workmen called
And there poor Timothy must fall.

"So soon his Carthall father went
To seek his son with discontent
And there his fond only son he found
As a stone on a pile the ground.

"And there he lay down prone to rest
With both his hands across his breast
His mouth and eyes closed fast
And there poor man slept his last.

"His father vields his track with grave concern
Where he had ran across the corn
Unweir tracks where he did go
Did appear to stagger two and frow.

"The seventh of August sixty-one
This fatal accident wase done
Let this be a warning be to all
To be prepared when god does call."

Miscellany.

The Two Pictures.

Battle of Inkerman!
As the day came up, struggling with
the gloom of clouds, the vanguard had
given alarm of that onslaught, which
before the day was done should make
Inkerman second only to Waterloo—
"Through the foggy, drizzly drud, had
burst the blast of bugles and drums and
fifes, and rattling musketry; and the
transition from sleep to battle had been
a transient interval of consternation; not
the consternation of cowardice, however,
but of sudden surprise.

To arms! To the summoning martial
music—drums, whose hurried roll, and
fifes, whose thrilling shriek make the
blood beat and surge in the veins—to
the glorious martial music, man after
man, column after column, company after
company, they wheel into array. Swiftly
and mightily, as though hurried by the
power of thunder, horse and plumed rider
sweep over the field and along the
line, bearing the hoarse, loud command;
and quick as thought there follow charges,
evolutions, and sublime preparations
for blood.

Oh! the battle of Inkerman would
have been a splendid sight to see in a
broad field and a bright sun. But the
nature of the ground and the darkness
of the day rendered it impossible to take
in more than a small scene of the grand
and terrible drama at one view. Many
a heroic deed was performed that day, in
obscure and solitary places, that left no
record but death. If you found, in some
gloomy glen, a flash here and there,
corpses lying thick as shavings after the
sickles, you knew there had been great
achievements there; but they will not
illumine the pages of history; for their
memory sleeps in the burial trenches
with those who died enacting them.

Thirst of glory, such as is slaked by
blood, had lured young Cecil Gray from
his happy home in Old England, to the
camp and the field. He was an officer
in the Fifth Dragoons; and as we have
an interest in him now, let us watch the
performance of the Fifth on that day of
Inkerman.

Is it not they on the heights? Let us
get nearer them, for this dismal day is
so like twilight that we cannot distinguish
the figure on their buttons. Yes,
it is 5. What noble fellows! How
proudly they sit on their horses! With
what an air of impatience they lean forward
as the battle's din increases! How

their nostrils dilate with the delay of
opportunity!

Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do
you see yonder at the right, that tall, noble
young officer, who is gazing, with
looks of unspeakable tenderness, upon
a locket miniature which he has just
drawn from his bosom. That is he, and
the miniature is of—the name would
choke his utterance if he attempted to
speak it; for he is thinking of the time
—not many months ago, but oh, how
long!—when the original of that picture
solved on his breast and clung to him
with love's desperation, kissing with most
passioned kisses, and pleading with him
in God's name not to go—oh, not to go!

His lip quivers; he brushes his hand
across his eyes; he closes the locket and
replaces it in his bosom. If he were not
agonizingly pained with every breath,
of whom he is now thinking, we would
say, O God! let him not sink on the battle
field to-day!

The Fifth had lost most of their infantry
in the beginning of the battle, for the
Turkish foot, their main support, had
been at the first onset, and there re-
mained to them now only a small division
of Highlanders, a number quite in-
sufficient to sustain them. Yet, as the
cannon thundered, and the muskets
hailed the death around, felt it like a
sham, to sit there idle while their com-
rades were winning glory, and every mo-
ment they grew more eager, even without
the support of infantry, for an occasion
to act.

Hark! the tramp of cavalry. Every
rein is tightened, and every horseman's
breath is quelled with expectation. As
they come at a fierce gallop, as though
they meant to sweep the height at a single
pass. It is the Mamelukes! Their
heavy, rushing billows of horse dash full
upon the Highlanders, and are shocked
back by the shore of bayonets. They
rally, and advance again, more slowly
and determinedly.

Then the bugles of the Fifth sound;
and the fiery horses are wheeled into
order for the onset.
Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten
the miniature; he has forgotten the original;
he has forgotten the little cottage by
the Thames, where she is singing
prayers to Heaven for him now; he
thinks only of glory. If a lance leaves
and pants, and his hand clutches his belt,
waiting for the next signal-trump.

Another blast of the bugles, and the
whole Fifth instantly bristles all over
with swords, like a single being, springing
into the *pas de charge*. In a thundering
hurricane of battle, they sweep right
down on the advancing foe with the
speed of the wind. God of heaven!
what a spectacle! With what a sublime
terrible shock the two hostile masses
of men and horses crash together! A
severed charge on sword; horse and rider
sink; the sea of combat surges over them.

The Fifth cut the foe through and
through; and when their long sword
rally, they discovered the signal, de-
termined to fight till they clear the field
or die. Horse against horse, with onset
and repulse, Saxon and Cossack, they
cleave one another down, swaying to and
fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Cecil Gray? Yonder is
his plume. Watch it. It tosses above
the thick of the fight, as if it were alive
with glory. There, it loses itself in the
smoke of pistols. It emerges. We lose
sight of it again. Yonder once more it
flashes along the field, like some splendid
bird of prey, that kills its quarry, but
stops not to devour. Swords leap up a-
bout and around it; other plumes nod
and sink around it; ridersless horses
wheel away from it, and roll down, and
surge, and struggle, and die in the over-
whelming billows of battle. But that
plume, and the sword which goes with it,
cease not for an instant in the sublime
career.

The wounded French Chasseur who
reclines on his elbow here high up,
watching that plume, forgets his pain,
and ejaculates, "C'est superbe!" And
it is superb; it is glorious.

But now that plume is the dreadful
centre of a vortex of foes which dashes
upon it, as upon a lone sail the sea
capped whirlpool in the sea. Other plumes
fly to the rescue. Sabres flash
up thick and fast, and chop down into
fery brains, and cross and thrust, and
stab, and mix in a horrible turmoil of
heroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a
shuddering sickness and faintness, and
when we open them on the scene again
the battle is in total rout and the
gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and
huzzah! But the plume of Cecil Gray?
It is gone! The prayers which have
kept going up to heaven from the cot-
tage by the Thames have not been an-
swered. That plume bowed to death
and went down while we were shutting
our eyes.

How gloriously he died! On the
field they found him the evening of that
day, with a monument of slaughtered
heroes piled up to his glory. And as
his surviving comrades spaded him a
grave, and laid him to his rest, they talked
animatingly of his heroism, and then
they spoke falteringly of one who—

"No more of that, my comrades!" said
he who had been his bosom friend, in
choking voice. "There!" he had taken
the locket from the neck of the dead,
clipped with his sword a lock from the
hero's hair and shut it over the miniature,
that shall be her tidings!—and
may—God—pity and comfort her!"

The big blinding tears streamed down
those stern men's cheeks; they filled up
the grave, breathing hard with the rush
of some great emotions, but speaking
not another word.

A cottage by the Thames.
Inkerman has been fought, and the

news has gone through England. In
that cottage Minnie Gray sits sobbing
and waiting for what she knows possible,
and yet hopes impossible. Weep, Min-
nie, the hour is at hand when the blessed
relief of tears may be denied thee.

"Willie, go to town, and—ard—Go!"
—Willie!

Willie goes; he runs all the way. He
brings back nothing but the newspaper,
filled with "LATEST FROM THE CRIMEA."
"No letter, Willie?"
"None."

She seizes the paper and gropes, tear-
blinded, through the long columns. But
she finds nothing, only that so many
were killed and so many wounded, and
the names of a few great officers that
were slain. The throbbing blood almost
bursts from her veins, and her eyes grow
dry, as she reads a printed letter from
one of the Fifth Dragoons. But it says
nothing of Cecil, only that the Fifth
Dragoons had been in glorious peril!

"Oh! my God! how can I bear this
agony of suspense!"

Willie tried to soothe her; but she
could hear nothing but the soul-stun-
ning thunder of battle, and she nothing
through her tears but the charges of the
Fifth Dragoons!

"Go to the town, Willie, and come
back till you have brought some
word from him!"

The boy went sorrowfully. Minnie
Gray watched the clock and the road to
the town all day and all night, and all
next day till the sun went down.

Willie was coming! The sight of
him made her dizzy and faint. How
did he walk? Were there deaths in his
steps? Yes! life or death! He
came hurriedly, while he seemed to reel
under the weight of his heart. It must
be death! Now, God of mercy! the
helping hand! She staggers out to
meet him, and gasps:

"Any word, Willie?"
"No word but—"

She holds her breath and stares wildly
at him, as he draws forth the locket.
He places it quickly in her clashing
hand and turns his face away. She un-
clasps it shudderingly and the lock of
hair springs out and curls round her
finger! A smothered quivering cry,
a stifled, choking wail of agony that crashed
the life out of Minnie Gray fell in
to her brother Willie's arms.

In the little village churchyard there
is now a new made grave, and over it a
marble slab, bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
CECIL AND MINNIE GRAY,
Whom Peace Married
IN LIFE,
Whom War Wedded
IN DEATH.

Chased by a Catamount.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told a thrilling adventure
of one of the settlers in Paris, Maine,
with a catamount. Although I cannot
relate it with that lively effect with
which it was told me, still I have im-
bued it with facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion,
and, as I was returning, I fell in with
that often described renegade, the
oldest inhabitant. He kindly accosted
me, and I entered gladly into conver-
sation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first
visited this town, there were only three
families in it. You, who live in ease,
can never know the hardships and per-
ils scenes through which the earlier set-
tlers passed. Come with me," he con-
tinued, "and I will show you the exact
spot where the first hut ever erected in
this town was located." I followed
slowly until the old man reached the
bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was
erected the hut. I shall never forget
the first time I visited it, and the story
I was told."

"What is it?" I asked.
"I will tell you. When the first set-
tler moved here, his nearest neighbor
lived twenty miles distant, in the pre-
sent town of Rumford, and the only road
between the two neighbors was a path
that he had cut himself, so that in case
of want or sickness he might get assistance."

One spring, I think it was the
third season after he had settled here, he
was obliged to go to Rumford for pro-
visions. He arose early one morning,
and started for his nearest neighbor.
People of the present day would think
it hard to make a journey of twenty
miles for a bag of potatoes, on foot too;
but such was the errand of the first set-
tler. He arrived before noon, was suc-
cessful in getting his potatoes, got some
refreshment and started home. But it
was not very easy to travel with a load
of potatoes; and finally, at sundown, he
threw off his load, and resolved to make
a shelter and spend the night. I have
been with him to the exact locality of it;
it was situated just on the other side of
the stream on which are mills, in the
village now known as Pinhook in Wood-
stock. He built a shelter, struck a fire,
and took out of his sack a piece of meat
to roast. Ah! young man, you little
know with what a relish a man eats his
food in the woods, but, as I was saying,
he commenced roasting his meat, when
he was startled by a cry so shrill that
he knew at once that it was a catamount.

I will relate it to you as I can, in the
language of the old settler himself.
"I listened a moment," said he, "and
it was repeated over and over, and it seemed
nearer than before. My first thought
was for my own safety. But what was
I to do? I was at least ten miles from
my home, and there was not a single hu-
man being nearer than that to me. In
a moment I concluded to start for home.
For I knew the nature of the catamount,
too well to think I should stand the
least chance to escape if I remained
in the camp. I knew, too, that he would

ransack the camp, and I hoped that the
meat which I left might satisfy his ap-
petite, so that he would not follow me
after eating it. I did not proceed
more than half a mile before I knew by
the shrill of the animal, that he was in
sight of the camp. I doubled my speed,
content that the animal should have my
supper, although I declared I would not
have run if I had had my trusty rifle
with me. But there would be no cowar-
dardy in my running from an infuriated
catamount, doubly furious, probably,
from being hungry, and nothing for a
weapon save a pocket knife.

I had proceeded, probably about
two-thirds of the distance home, and
hearing nothing more of the fearful
enemy, began to slacken my pace, and
thought I had nothing to fear. I had
left behind about two pounds of raw beef
and pork, which I hoped had satisfied
the ferocious monster. Just as I had
come to the conclusion that I would run
no more, and was looking back astonish-
ed, almost, at the distance I had travel-
led in so short a space of time, I was
lectrically with horror to hear the animal
shriek again!

"I then knew that my fears were re-
alized. The beast had undoubtedly en-
tered the camp and eaten what he could
find, and then had scented my track, and
had followed after me. It was about
three miles to my log cabin, and it had
already become dark. I redoubled my
speed, but I felt that I must die. And
such a death! The recollection of that
feeling comes to my mind as vividly as
if I knew the animal was now pur-
suing me. But I am onward; though
to be torn to pieces, and almost eaten
alive by a wild beast was horrible.

"I suddenly unbuckled my frock, with
the determination to throw it off before
the animal should approach me, hoping
thereby to gain advantage of the time he
would lose in tearing it to pieces."
"Another shriek," and I tossed the
garment behind me in the path. Not
more than five minutes elapsed before I
heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How
that shriek electrified me! I bounded
like a deer. But in a moment the ani-
mal made another cry, which told me
plainly that the garment had only exas-
perated him in a fiercer chase.

"O, God," said I, "and must I die
thus? I can't! I must live for my wife
and children," and I even ran faster
than I had done before and unbuckling
my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path
as I proceeded. The thoughts of my
wife and children urged me to the most
desperate speed, for I thought more of
their unprotected state, than the death
I was threatened with, for should I die,
what would become of them?

"In a moment, the whole events of
my life crowded to my brain. The hot
blood coursed through my veins with a
torrent's force. The catamount shrieked
louder and louder, and fast as I was
running, he was rapidly approaching me.
At last I came to the brook, which you
see yonder, and it was double the size
which it now is, for it was swollen by
recent frosts, and I lodged to cool my
fevered brain in it; but I knew it would
be as certain death to me as to die by
the claws of the beast. With three
bounds I gained the opposite bank, and
then I could clearly see a light in my
log cabin, which was no more than one
hundred rods distant.

"I had proceeded but a short distance
before I heard the plunge of the catamount
behind me. I leaped with more
than human energy, for it was life or
death. In a moment the catamount gave
another shriek, as though he was
afraid he would lose his prey. At the
same instant I yelled at the top of my
voice to my wife, and in a moment I saw
her approach the door with a lighted
candle.

"With what vividness the moment
comes to my mind! The catamount was
not so far from me as I was from the
house. I dropped my hat, the only
thing that I could leave to stay the
progress of the beast. The next mo-
ment I fell powerless in my own cabin."

Here the old settler paused and wiped
the big drops from his brow ere he pro-
ceeded.

"How long I laid when I fell, I know
not, but when I was roused to conscious-
ness, I was lying on my rude couch and
my wife and my children were gazing an-
xiously at me. My wife told me that
as soon as I fell she immediately shut
the door and barred it, for what she
knew not; and that as soon as I was
fallen and the door was closed, a fearful
spring was made upon it; but the door
was strong and well barred, and with-
stood the spring of the beast."

"As soon as I was fully discovered, I
knew that I was in the most fearful
predicament that ever passed my lips
or ever will again. My family
and myself shortly retired, but no sleep
visited me that night. I thought
when my little son, six years old, told me
that he saw the eyes of the cat in the
window in the right, I knew the catamount
had been watching to gain admittance;
but our windows, you well per-
ceive, are not large enough to permit a
catamount to enter."

"When I looked into the glass the next
morning, I was horror-struck at my al-
tered appearance. My hair, which the
day before was dark as midnight, was
changed to the snowy whiteness you now
see; and although I have enjoyed good
health since, I shall never recover from
the fright I experienced on being chased
by a catamount."

Two foreign sailors, examining the
cupola of Boston State House, one of
them remarked to the other, "Arrah,
my honey, this is the first time I ever
saw them copper bottom the top of a
house."

From the Philadelphia New Church Herald.

Dr. Tyng and Dr. Cumming on the Second Coming.

THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.—
It may sound strange to some of our
readers to be reminded that some of the
most eminent Doctors of the Old Dispen-
sation are still maintaining that the day
of the Lord's literal personal appearance
is rapidly approaching. We see it men-
tioned in the following explanation of the
origin of the phrase. It belongs to Gen. Wash-
ington, and to no one else.

In 1844 Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn,
of Roxbury, transmitted to Gen. Peter
S. Smith, of Philadelphia, a copy of a
manuscript in his possession relating to
this matter, and the same was published
in the *Daily Eagle*, Gen. Smith's paper.

It reads as follows, and it is no doubt
correct, that such an order was promul-
gated by Washington while at Cam-
bridge.

CAMBRIDGE HEAD-QUARTERS,
July 17th, 1775.

General Order: The General has
great reason to be displeased with the
negligence and inattention of the guard
who have been placed as sentinels on
the outposts—men whose characters he
is not acquainted with. He therefore
orders that for the future none but Na-
tives of this Country be placed on
guard as sentinels, on the outposts.

This order to be considered a standing
one, and the officers to pay obedience to
it on their part.

[Signed] Fox.
Adj't of the day.
Countersigned E. J. J.
Pay Roll, Dorchester.

NEWS FOR THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—It
is evident from the writings of Jefferson,
that had "Sam" been about in the days
of this great statesman, their intimacy
would have been close; at least such is
the inference we draw from the follow-
ing remarks, which we extract from a
petition of the citizens of Albemarle,
Amherst, Fluvanna and Gloucester coun-
ties, Virginia, drawn up by Thomas Jef-
ferson in 1797, as appears by his writ-
ings, just published. By this it will ap-
pear that the author was of opinion that
none but native-born citizens of the U-
nited States should be eligible as jurors
in "grand or petty, civil or criminal"
cases.

"And your petitioners farther submit
to the wisdom of the two Houses of As-
sembly, whether the safety of the citizens
of this Commonwealth, in their persons,
their property, their laws and government,
does not require that the capacity to act
in the important office of a juror, grand
or petty, civil or criminal, should be re-
stricted in future to native citizens of the
United States, or such as were citizens
at the date of the treaty of peace which
closed our revolutionary war, and wher-
ever the ignorance of our laws and natural
partiality to the countries of their birth,
are not reasonable causes for declaring
this to be one of the rights incommuni-
cable in future to adoptive citizens."

Jefferson's Writings, Vol. IX, p. 453.

But the next extract, which is taken
from "an act establishing elementary
schools," also drawn by Jefferson, is still
more to the point. By this he would
limit a citizenship to those who could
"read readily."

"And it is declared and enacted, that
no person unborn, or under the age of
twelve years at the passage of this act,
and also who is *compus mentis*, shall, af-
ter the age of fifteen years, be a citizen
of this Commonwealth, unless he or she
can read readily in some tongue, native
or acquired."—Writings, Vol. IX, p.
454.

What value the endorsement of Jef-
ferson gives to the doctrine of the Know
Nothings is a question which we will not
discuss, but will leave that to our Demo-
cratic friends, who are more interested
in the matter.—*Providence Journal*.

GIGANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.—
The recent completion of the telegraph
from London to the Crimea may be con-
sidered as one of the wonders of the age.
The short time taken to lay down the
wires is another triumph of the skill and
energy which characterizes the move-
ments of the day. This great line of
telegraph is about 2400 miles in length,
passing entirely across the European
continent, over an arm of the sea con-
necting it with England, and upwards
of three hundred miles across the Black
Sea to Balaklava. This experiment will
test the feasibility of laying down a sub-
marine cable along the bottom of the
Atlantic, an idea long entertained, and
for the accomplishment of which we be-
lieve a company has already been for-
mulated. Should the shoal, of which New-
foundland is a portion, extend across, or
nearly so, to the shores of Europe, there
seems no difficulty in the way of accom-
plishing this great work. A great de-
pression or cavity, five or six miles in
depth, such as is known to exist in the
Atlantic a few degrees further South,
might prove an insurmountable imped-
iment; in which case it will be necessary
to carry the wires to Greenland, and
thence across by the Orkney and Shet-
land Islands to Scotland. We believe
these efforts will be crowned with success,
and within three years we shall get news
from London, Paris, Constantinople,
and indeed from all parts of Europe,
within a few hours of its occurrence.—
Baltimore Jour.

Prince Menschikoff, whose name
has figured so often of late in certain
obituaries, has received, at Pereok,
a letter from Alexander II., condoling
with him in his personal affliction, ad-
dressing respectfully to his estate, and
expressing the wishes of the Czar that
he may soon be able again to aid the
State with his great abilities and
experience.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.—A late
California paper mentions a duel which
was fought between a Yankee and an
Englishman in a dark room. The
Yankee not wishing to have blood on
his hands, fired his pistol up the chim-
ney, and to his horror, down came the
Englishman.

"Put none but Americans on Guard."

The above quotation from Wash-
ington has given the enemies of the Amer-
ican Cause a good deal of trouble, and
as the cheapest way of getting along
with it they have set up a denial of its
authenticity.

A correspondent of the Boston *Trans-
cript* refers to this matter, and furnish-
es the following explanation of the origin
of the phrase. It belongs to Gen. Wash-
ington, and to no one else.

In 1844 Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn,
of Roxbury, transmitted to Gen. Peter
S. Smith, of Philadelphia, a copy of a
manuscript in his possession relating to
this matter, and the same was published
in the *Daily Eagle*, Gen. Smith's paper.

It reads as follows, and it is no doubt
correct, that such an order was promul-
gated by Washington while at Cam-
bridge.

CAMBRIDGE HEAD-QUARTERS,
July 17th, 1775.

General Order: The General has
great reason to be displeased with the
negligence and inattention of the guard
who have been placed as sentinels on
the outposts—men whose characters he
is not acquainted with. He therefore
orders that for the future none but Na-
tives of this Country be placed on
guard as sentinels, on the outposts.

This order to be considered a standing
one, and the officers to pay obedience to
it on their part.

[Signed] Fox.
Adj't of the day.
Countersigned E. J. J.
Pay Roll, Dorchester.

NEWS FOR THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—It
is evident from the writings of Jefferson,
that had "Sam" been about in the days
of this great statesman, their intimacy
would have been close; at least such is
the inference we draw from the follow-
ing remarks, which we extract from a
petition of the citizens of Albemarle,
Amherst, Fluvanna and Gloucester coun-
ties, Virginia, drawn up by Thomas Jef-
ferson in 1797, as appears by his writ-
ings, just published. By this it will ap-
pear that the author was of opinion that
none but native-born citizens of the U-
nited States should be eligible as jurors
in "grand or petty, civil or criminal"
cases.

"And your petitioners farther submit
to the wisdom of the two Houses of As-
sembly, whether the safety of the citizens
of this Commonwealth, in their persons,
their property, their laws and government,
does not require that the capacity to act
in the important office of a juror, grand
or petty, civil or criminal, should be re-
stricted in future to native citizens of the
United States, or such as were citizens
at the date of the treaty of peace which
closed our revolutionary war, and wher-
ever the ignorance of our laws and natural
partiality to the countries of their birth,
are not reasonable causes for declaring
this to be one of the rights incommuni-
cable in future to adoptive citizens."

Jefferson's Writings, Vol. IX, p. 453.

But the next extract, which is taken
from "an act establishing elementary
schools," also drawn by Jefferson, is still
more to the point. By this he would
limit a citizenship to those who could
"read readily."

"And it is declared and enacted, that
no person unborn, or under the age of
twelve years at the passage of this act,
and also who is *compus mentis*, shall, af-
ter the age of fifteen years, be a citizen
of this Commonwealth, unless he or she
can read readily in some tongue, native
or acquired."—Writings, Vol. IX, p.
454.

What value the endorsement of Jef-
ferson gives to the doctrine of the Know
Nothings is a question which we will not
discuss, but will leave that to our Demo-
cratic friends, who are more interested
in the matter.—*Providence Journal*.

GIGANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.—
The recent completion of the telegraph
from London to the Crimea may be con-
sidered as one of the wonders of the age.
The short time taken to lay down the
wires is another triumph of